

Walking After You

by Dana Evans

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Walking After You

Walking After You
>
by Josephine
>
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>
Author's Note: I know this has been done many times- many ways, but I
>couldn't help adding mine to the number. "Too Late Now" belongs to Alan
Jay Lerner, and "Walking After You" belongs to the Foo Fighters. Alex and
>Isabel belong to the WB, Roswell etc.
>~*~
>"Alex, we can't do this anymore. I can't let anyone in right now. Maybe
it'd be better if we didn't see each other for a while. I'm sorry." Isabel
>had run away from him, back into her house, slamming the door in his face.
>He stood there for minutes, just staring at the door, and picturing Isabel.
What did she expect him to do- just forget what they had?
>
After the shock calmed, Alex turned slowly and ended up in his basement,
>playing his guitar and singing like his life depended on it- and in a way
it did.
>
He had been learning some older music- just to get flavor in his songs, and
>and oldie popped into his head.
>He strummed out the beginning chords and then started to sing.
>"Too late now to forget your smile
>the way we cling when we've danced a while
>too late now to forget and go on to someone new.
>Too late now to forget your voice
>the way one word makes my heart rejoice

>too late now to imagine myself away from you."

>His voice broke into a sob. He played on the bridge, but couldn't control
his voice untill the last lines.
>
"How could I ever close the door
>
and be the same as I was before?
>
Darling, no, no, I can't anymore
>
it's too late now."
>
The last bit was joined by a bright soprano harmony.
>
Alex didn't look up untill he had finished all of the song. When he finally
> looked up, whomever the voice belonged to was gone.

>~*~

>It was the next day, at lunch. Isabel sighed as she returned to the
building. There was no one she wanted to see out in the quad anyway. She
>walked into the music room hoping to find some peace and quiet.

>As she guessed, the room was empty. She sat at the piano bench, humming a
song. Then, with a burst of confidence and feeling she sang.
>
"Tonight I'm tangle in my blanket of clouds
>
Dreaming aloud
>
Things just won't do without you
>
Matter of fact
>
Oh- I want you back.
>
I cannot be without you
>
Matter of fact
>
Oh- I want you back.
>
If you walk out on me,
>
I'm walking after you.
>
If you walk out on me,
>
I'm walking after you.
>
Another heart is cracked- in two
>
I'm on your back.
>
Oh
>
I cannot be without you
>
Matter of fact
>
Oh- I want you back
>
I want you back
>
Oh- I want you back
>
If you walk out on me
>
I'm walking after you.
>
If you walk out on me
>
I'm walking after you."
>
An acoustic guitar finished off the song, and Isabel looked after wiping
>her face of tears.

>"I didn't know you sang." It was Alex.

>"I don't." Isabel replied, smiling slightly.

>"You're good."

>"So are you."

>"When have you ever heard me sing?" Alex's eyebrows knotted together.

>"No- I just..." but she was caught in her mistake. "When you were playing
in your basement yesterday. Your dad let me in."

>
Alex crossed the room. "I meant every word I sang, Isabel. It's too late
>for me to just forget you."

>"I know. It was foolish of me to ask that of you. I want you back,

Alex."

>"I'm right here, aren't I?"

>Isabel wrapped him- and the guitar- in a hug. Alex sealed the
reunion with
a kiss. When the bell rang, Alex held the door open
for Isabel.
>
"After you, I'll always walk after you."
>
~*~
>
The End
> <p><p>

End
file.